

Eng. Poetry vol. 11.

Bedlock a Paradiſe;

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OR, A

DEFENCE

OF

Woman's Liberty

AGAINST

Man's Tyranny.

In Oppoſition

To a POEM, Entitul'd, *The Pleaſures of
a Single Life, &c.*

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by J. Nutt, near Station-
ers-Hall, 1701.

SEMPER PARATUS

DEPT. EXCH.

WOMAN'S LIBERTY



MARY'S LIBRARY

in Opposition

To a POEM, entitled, The Pleasures of
a Single Life, &c.

LONDON

Printed, and are to be sold by J. W. and G. Smith,
New-Bell, 1701.

Wedlock a Paradise ;
 Or, a Defence of
Woman's Liberty
 AGAINST
Man's Tyranny.

WHEN Time had freed me from my Childish Years,
 And Tales of Bugbears could not raise my Fears,
 The first two Stages of my Life being spent,
 Beneath a stern Preceptor's Government,
 In whose Dominion Forreign Tongues took Place,
 And brought our Native Language in disgrace,
 Whilst *Greece*, or *Rome*, gave ev'ry Youth his Theme,
 And Heath'nish Authors were in most esteem ;
 Where Penal Laws by his own Pow'r were made,
 That *Lilly's* Rules might strictly be Obey'd,
 Or each Offender by the Wastband seiz'd,
 And punish'd as our Jirking Monarch pleas'd,
 But I in Thought too Manly, and too VVise,
 To stoop to my sower Guide's Severities,

B 2

At

At Eighteen Years was timely call'd away,
 From my dull Pedants harsh Imperious sway,
 B'ing now by kinder Friends Paternal care,
 (Who for my Welfare no Expence would spare)
 Advis'd Law's crabbed System to pursue,
 That knotty Science Master'd but by few,
 To make of it no Mercenary use,
 But guard my self from the vile World's abuse,
 That no Clandestine frauds might hurtful be
 In a loose Age to my Prosperitie,
 But my own Rights and Properties secure
 From Wrongs which unlearn'd Empty Heads endure :
 In Order to my Friend's Commands Obey,
 Within the *Temple's* Ancient bounds I lay,
 Well stor'd with Books of Law, and various Arts,
 To please my Mind, and fructify my Parts,
 Bent to laborious Study I began,
 From a green Youth to learn to be a Man ;
 I por'd, and read, yet small advantage found,
 Much I perus'd, but little could expound,
 My Brains of undigested stuff grew full,
 The more I Study'd I became more dull ;
 No quick'ning Spirit in my Books could find,
 That would to Raptures raise my heavy mind.
 Thus with Laws puzzling Rudiments I strove,
 Arm'd with much patience eager to improve,
 But in my gentle progress daily fear'd,
 My Task would prove unconquerably hard :
 Much did I read, but little could retain,
 Immoderate Study stupifi'd my Brain ;
 At last I call'd to mind Old *Cato's* Rule,
 Not only taught, but practic'd more at School,

Let Mirth sometimes be with thy Labours join'd,
 'Twill make thy Pains sit easie on thy Mind:
 These kind Instructions with my Genious took,
 And made me mix Deversions with my Book;
 Somtimes the soothing Bottle I enjoy'd,
 But that Delight Excess too oft destroy'd,
 Which leaves behind this never failing Curse,
 If not low Pockets, yet a deep remorse
 Thus Conscience when our Reason's led astray.

That we her Dictates can't or won't Obey,
 Tho' drown'd in Wine o'er Night she'll punish us next day.

In search of Friendship I the Town walk'd round,
 But Friends were Comforts rarely to be found;
 No Obligations could cement so fast,
 But still the Union was too weak to last,
 Self Interest always snap'd the feeble Chain,
 My searches for a faithful Friend were vain.
 As when the wise Philosopher at Noon,
 His endless task by Candlelight begun,
 And thro' the Streets of ancient Athens ran
 To find that God on Earth an honest-Man;
 So I the Noisy Town Examind round,
 But no such thing as Friend, or Pleasure, found;
 Till Beauty's kind warm Influence touch'd my Heart,
 And quicken'd Love's soft fire in ev'ry part,
 Her Heav'nly Looks my drowsy Soul inspir'd,
 She'd all that could be Vallud, or admir'd,
 Each Glance of her dear Eyes to me apply'd,
 My thoughts refin'd and my Soul rarified
 Administring more Joys than the whole World beside.
 Beauty of all Delights, I found most dear,
 No pow'r had touch'd my Longing Heart so near:

Woman, I thought on Earth the only Good,
 And she alone my restless Soul pursu'd;
 Trusted in her, nor fear'd to be deceiv'd,
 The more I look'd, the more I still believ'd,
 In her sweet Conversation I should find,
 All that was Grateful, Generous and Kind;
 Friendly, Obliging, Faithful, Loving, Chast,
 And with much more than Man could hope for, Blest:
 Conceiving all those Beautious Charms that shin'd
 In her Angellick Face, good Heav'n design'd,
 But as External Marks of Graces in her Mind.
 So the plump Peach the longing-Eye invites,
 And by its Laky-Cheeks the Gust Excites
 Tempts us by Colours which without are seen,
 To tast the luscious Juice contain'd within.

Thus fir'd with Love the Fields and Groves I rang'd,
 My Life, my Thoughts, na, all the World seem'd chang'd;
 Male Conversation odious to me grew,
 To that deceit, call'd *Friend*, I bid adieu,
 And those false Topping-flatt'ers, who in vain
 Assum'd that Title they would ne'er maintain,
 Who rais'd their Friendship by the Wine they drank,
 And hated to deserve, or give a Thank,
 Taking each kindness done 'em as their due,
 But ne'er return one greatful Act in lieu:
 When *Drunk*, of Friendship, Love and Freedom full;
 But *Sober*, strange, shy, negligent and dull,
 Thus warm'd with Wine, shall value no Expence
 To serve his Friend, nay, fight in his Defence;
 But when he's Cool, he breaths another air,
 Then *Sword* and *Pocket* both shall Padlocks wear;

His

His drunken Vows, and Oaths will all difown,
 And is but, Sir, *Your humble Servant*, grown.
 These truths which I by sad Experience found,
 Made way for Love to give the deeper wound,
 Hating Man's treach'rous Flatteries to bear,
 I sought for truer Friendship in the *Fair*,
 From my own Sex, to *Female Refuge* run,
 Admiring all, but yet ador'd but *One*,
 For none wel-bred, or youthful could I see,
 But what had some peculiar Charm for me;
 She that Dame Nature had but homely made,
 Perhaps a kind Obliging Humour had;
 Or if deform'd, 'twas likely then I found,
 Her Crumpling Ladyship had Wit to wound;
 If Peevish, Proud, Ill-natur'd, or a Fool,
 To make amends, she's Rich or Beautiful;
 None, but some Gifts, or good Acquirements had,
 That might be put in Ballance with the Bad:
 The meanest of 'em all can yield delight,
 To the Hale Youth with vig'rous appetite;
Jug, tho a rural Damsel, can afford
 Pleasures, that sometimes may Oblige a Lord;
 For homely Fabricks we have often seen,
 Have had well Furnish Cleanly Rooms within,
 Besides, some Minds not curious do prefer
 Course Huts, to Mansions which more stately are;
Diogenes with a wise Soul inspir'd,
 His *Tub* beyond a Palace far admir'd,
 And in his Cask with more Content sat Crown'd,
 Than the Great Greek in all his Trophies found.
 So the Brown Dame sometimes a heart shalt Ease,
 When Beauty with her Charms has fail'd to please;

There-

Therefore since diff'rent Objects we approve,
 And oft our thoughts from *Good* to *Bad* remove,
 A Shapeless Chip sometimes may light the *Fire of Love*.
 Tho' Beauty my harmonious Soul admir'd,
 And such a Maid I found my heart desir'd,
 One, who could vigh with Angels for her Form
 Whose dazling Eyes the frigid *Zones* might warm;
 And by their Influence gen'rously impart,
 A healing Balsam to my wounded Heart;
 But yet the nicest Vertue could not find,
 One Error in the Fredoms of her mind,
 She was so strictly Chast, altho' so gently kind:
 The Gods to 'nrich her Soul gave ev'ry Grace,
 And Nature's purest Charms adorn'd her face;
 Thus Heav'n, and its lower Agent, both bestow'd,
 All that could make her Beautiful and Good,
 These Gifts her Education much Improv'd
 And made her still more worthy to be Lov'd,
 Crown'd her Perfections with a gen'rous mein,
 That answer'd all the Vertues Lodg'd within:
 Of Eloquence she such a Portion had,
 Her Wit such Notions to her Tongue convey'd,
 Altho' we falsely Term the Sex so weak,
 'Twould make a *Orc's* blush to hear her speak,
 With such Enduments was the Damsel blest,
 She Excell'd Man, as much as Man does Beast,
 And as I thought her, prov'd, a Paradise at least.
 So Chast her mind, her Beauty so devine,
 'Twould fire an *Anch'ets* heart as well as mine;
 No fordid *Onick* surely could forbear,
 'T'adore a Virgin so divinely fair.

There

Or

Or without Love and Admiration view,
 Those Charms a Monarch gladly would pursue;
 I begg'd and pray'd till her Consent I got,
 To Tye, for Life, the happy *Gordian Knot*;
 Happy I well may say, for so it prov'd,
 Her Vertues ev'ry Jealous Thought remov'd
 And her kind Usage show'd 'twas me alone she Lov'd,
 Such sweet harmonious Words at all times hung,
 And drop'd so kindly from her melting Tongue;
 To hear her Speak put ev'ry Care away,
 And gave new Sun-shine to the cloudiest Day,
 Making each Moment joyful, and the Night
 She blest'd with unexpressible delight;
 My Faults, tho' num'rous none would she reprove,
 But by her kind Forgiveness show'd her Love;
 Tho' I had Failings she was Error free,
 And shun'd 'em by observing 'em in me;
 Her Goodness never wanted some Device,
 To always make my Home a *Paradise*.
 Blest'd Woman, were it not for thee alone,
 My Life no true felicity had known:
 O happy Wife, thou only faithful Friend,
 That Husband never can enough Commend,
 On thee in time of need we truly may depend.
 'Tis from thy Charms that I with pleasure see,
 My self reviv'd in my own Progenie,
 And by thy Consolations do I find,
 The Cares of Life made easy to my Mind;
 Since more than all these Comforts we enjoy
 In the fair Sex, whom we too oft decoy,
 And then misuse, as if kind Heaven gave
 Woman, not as a Partner but a Slave,
 Vain empty Thought that Man has all the sway,
 And Woman, tho' more perfect, must Obey.

A harsh Decree, and but of late made good,
 Since we have basely Chill'd the Female Blood,
 Who were long since to Arms and Arts apply'd,
 And in heroick Actions lay their Pride,
 Bred to the use of Bow, Launce, Sword and Shield,
 Expert in War, and fearless in the Field, (yield)
 Would Conquer when they Fought, or Bleed before they'd
 What sturdy Hero of the *Grecian* Race,
 Or *Roman* Cæsar ever could surpass
 Those glorious Actions, those Achievements done
 In Battles, which the weaker Sex have won.

In Old *Affyria*, many Ages since,
 When *Ninus*, *Nimrod's* Grandson reign'd as Prince,
 Who amongst all their Tyrants could abound,
 VVith greater Valour than was early found
 In brave *Semyramis*, who fought disguis'd,
 And by her Bravry all the Camp surpris'd,
 Greedy of Fame, and Gen'rous of her Blood,
 Detach'd a Party, and the Town subdu'd,
 Which till she gave her Aid whole Armies had withstood,
 Then that her Deeds might raise her Sexes Pride,
 Sh' unveil'd those Charms which her disguise had hid,
 To let 'em see one Woman could do more,
 Than all th' *Affyrian* Arms had done before,
 The King surpriz'd to see a Face so bright,
 Thought strange such Beauty should so bravely fight,
 Her Looks beheld, and having heard her Fame,
 Chose for his Queen the fair heroick Dame.
 Who Beg'd of *Ninus* the Monarchal Sway,
 And did the Sov'reign's part so wisely play,
 Husband that Lordly thing the subject made,
 And rul'd the Kingdom whilst the King Obey'd,

By

By the whole Land her Conduct was approv'd,
 She was not only honour'd but lov'd;
 Great was her Power, unparrell'd her Charms,
 She Conquer'd with her Beauty, well as Arms
 The *Egyptian Mummies* trembled at her Name,
 And all the *Eastern Kingdoms* sung her Fame;
 She the old Walls of *Babylon* rebuilt,
 And Show'rs of *Ethiopian* Blood she spilt,
 Those fally'd Regions into Slav'rie beat,
 And many Armies drown'd in Blood and Sweat,
 Her great designs good Fortune never fail'd,
 For whensoever she fought her Arms prevail'd:
 Her Conqu'ring Forces did no less contain
 Than Thirty Hundred Thousand fighting Men,
 To this great Host that did on foot appear,
 Five Hundred Thousand Horsemen added were,
 An Hundred Thousand Cammels Join'd the Throng,
 Whose Riders carry'd Swords four Cubits long;
 As many Chariots grac'd the num'rous Host,
 From whence were Arrows Shung and Jav'lins tost,
 The Seas with Twenty Thousand Ships she spread,
 These were but Servants, Woman was the head;
 Thus all this mighty Pow'r one lovely Dame obey'd.
 Great were her Forces, and as large her Soul,
 Both were too potent to admit Controul.

Had this fair Queen the *Perſian* Scepter ſway'd,
 And led the Army in *Darius* ſtead,
 The *Macedonian* had been forc'd to Yield,
 And Piles of Bleeding *Greeks* had grac'd the Field:
 Great *Alexander* it would ne'er have been,
 But Great *Semyramis* the *Perſian* Queen,
 Who forty Two Years rul'd th' *Aſſyrian* ſtate,
 Enlarg'd her Bounds, and made her People great;

Had

Had these two Heroes in one Age but liv'd,
 The *Grecians* Fame the Grave had ne'er **Surviv'd**.
 Woman the Prosp'rous Youth had far **out-done**
 Her Brav'ry all his Glories had **out-shone**,
 More than the *Persian's* God does a small **Star at Noon**.
 The Gallant Dame when danger was most **near**,
 Would always with most Courage then **appear**,
 Thro which rare Spirit she such Wonders **did**,
 Would make our Modern Heroes blush to **read**.

When brave *Lybussa* o'er *Bohemia* reign'd,
 Woman Man's Arbitrary Pow'r restrain'd,
 In Arts and Arms the Female Sex excell'd,
 And o'er their weaker Husbands long prevail'd,
 Till Death to th' Grave the Valiant Princes **bent**,
 Who to *Promisians* left the Government:
 His VVife deceas'd, he rul'd the Reins **alone**,
 VVithout a Female Partner in the **Throne**,
 Then the Male Sex their Rigid Pow'r **began**,
 And Woman's Freedom was usurp'd by **Man**,
 The Husband struggl'd for Tyrannick **Sway**,
 But braver *Wives* still hated to **Obey**.
 And like themselves would valliantly **agree**,
 To rather stoop to Death than **Slaverie**;
 Of these the fair *Valasque* led the **Van**,
 Enrag'd at the new Tyranny of **Man**,
 And when her brave Design she'd wisely **laid**
 To'r injur'd **SEX** she this Oration **made**.

Dear *suff'ring Sisters*, now our Gracious *Queen*
Libussa's fled, and can no more be **seen**,
 And **MAN** into his cruel Hands has **gain'd**,
 Those Female Rights by Woman long **maintain'd**,

And

Ad by severe unnat'ral Usage strives,
To make us Slaves to Slaves instead of Wives;
Shame on our SEX if tamely we submit,
To cringe like Spaniels at our Husband's feet,
And obey those we justly should despise,
As Cow'rdly Victims conquer'd by our Eyes,
Who us'd to Creep and Fawn with Cap in hand,
To Beg those Favours they would now Command;
But if, like me, you'l solemnly Abjure
Man's Rule, and all his base pretended Pow'r,
And with my Resolutions but Agree,
We'll soon pull down their upstart Tyranny,
The Hardships Woman suffers we'll remove,
And make them Dread our Wrath, and Court our Love.
Amen, the Crowd unanimously Cry'd,
With brave Valasque, One and All comply'd,
Chose her as Queen she might their Army lead,
And to the gen'rous Task they all agreed.
When thus Valasque found her Sex all free,
To hazard Life for their old Liberty,
She fix'd a Time, and warn'd 'em to prepare
Their Bows, and all Accouterments of War,
Proud Tyrant Man in order to subdue,
And then by Oath engag'd 'em to be true.

The Day be'ng come the Wives and Virgins arm'd,
Inspir'd with Courage, and with Malice warm'd,
Tch' Pragan Fields in mighty Numbers met,
There strung their Bows, and did their Lances whet.
Valasque mounted on a noble Steed,
Did the fair Train of Female Warriors lead,
Resolving all, like her, to Conquer, or to Bleed.
When thus array'd their Husbands they defy'd;
And vow'd by Arms the Quarrel to decide.

The Men Alarm'd in num'rous Bands appear'd,
 Yet still the braver Women never fear'd,
 But their stern Adversaries Force withstood,
 And the Male Pow'r by Dint of Sword subdu'd,
 Dispirited the Men whole Legions flew,
 Whilst the Survivers from their fury flew,
 Shrunk into Holes and Woods, and arrant Cowards grew. }
 WOMAN thus flush'd with Conquest rul'd the roast,
 And made all Towns contribute to their Host,
 Who grew so num'rous, and expert at length,
 That neighbouring Crowns grew Jealous of their Strength;
 Did what they List, made all Obey their Pow'rs,
 Men were their Slaves, as Women now were ours.
 The Husband Cook'd the Kettle whilst the Sun
 Deny'd the use of Arms sat by and spun,
 Whilst the good Wives and Daughters rang'd the Field,
 And to their Spears made Bears and Lyons Yield.
 Thro' all *Bohemia* Women rul'd as Lords,
 And aw'd their Husbands by their Tongues and Swords;
 Grew cunning, Sturdy, Resolute and wise,
 Did Fear abominate, and Lust despise,
 They *Vishgrade* besieg'd, fierce Battles fought,
 And Vict'ries o'er Superior numbers got:
 To fortify themselves *Dievizo* built,
 There practis'd Riding, Turnament and Tilt,
 And so expert in War and Weapons grew,
Bohemia better Soldiers never knew;
Valsaque with such Art her Sword could wield,
 That seven Men she in one battle kill'd,
 And had not Thousands from her fury fled,
 She'd added more to th' Numbers of the dead.
 Why then should Man his partial self deceive
 And from late Laws, and modern Craft believe,

Husbands;

Husband, tho less discreet must bear the Rule,
 Govern, tho madly, yet without Controul,
 And *Wife* the wiser slave, obey the *Lordly Fool*.

Stand up *Fair Ladies* and your Rights maintain,
 Heav'n gives you equal Liberty with *Man*,
Woman is Born by nature full as free,
 And is, if learn'd, as wise and Brave as *He*.
Woman in Beauty's far more perfect made,
 And rather than Obey should be Obey'd;
 For less Perfections doubtless should adore
 The worthy'r *Being*, which is Bless'd with more.
 Therefore to th' Gods we humble Rev'rence pay,
 Because we're far less excellent than they.
 Man's sturdy Nerves to labour were decreed,
 To Till the Fertile Ground, and sow the Seed;
 Whilst Woman's duty at his leisure whiles,
 Is not to share, but to reward his Toils,
 And his tir'd Limbs refresh with Luscious hugs and Smiles.
 Nor are her Favours to be always Carv'd,
 When Man desires, but when he as well deserv'd;
 For Love and Beauty are the best Rewards,
 That lib'ral Heav'n to Mortal Man affords,
 Whose Joyful Fruits are so divinely sweet,
 They'll Surfit if too greedily we Eat.
 Thus what's most pleasant when discreetly us'd,
 Grows nauseous soon if by excess abus'd.
 Love is the highest Bliss we can enjoy,
 And who'd so bless'd an Appetite destroy;
 Which Man can only lessen, or impair,
 By tasting various Numbers of the Fair.
 He that to one he loves is only kind,
 Such Blessings must beyond the vicious find,

No where discover'd yet thro' human Life,
 But in that faithful Friend a *Vertuous Wife* our Love
 May all, like me, the Heav'nly Rib adore,
 Admire his own and covet still no more,
 Such Joys I find in my indulging Mate,
 Whose Love's so constant, and her Charms so great,
 That for Ten thousand Kingdoms I'd not change my State.

Woman, thou kind best part of human Race,
 Heav'nly thy Form, and Angel-like thy Face,
 In whose soft pleasing Simire we see,
 An Awful, yet a sweet Epitomie
 Of *Jove*, of Heav'n, and all its Harmonie.
 'Tis from your Charms our best Conceptions rise,
 Of Joys Eternal hid beyond the Skies,
 No Pow'r but Beauty could my Soul enflame,
 Nor was I blest'd till to thy Arms I came,
 Early thy pleasing Influence warm'd my heart,
 Woman I Love, and Woman I assert,
 To be a Heav'nly Gift beyond the World's desert.



FINIS